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THERE has been, it is true, some talk in New York of ladies riding horseback in regular man fashion, but no one ever heard of a lady riding a bicycle in that fashion for the simple reason that they—the machines—are not built that way. A lady may ride a bicycle as decorously and prudishly as she might ride in a horse-car, and there is no reason of decorum why women everywhere should not take to the wheel for health or recreation, as a constantly increasing number of them are doing.

ENGLAND has reason to be ashamed of a good many things, but of none more than that English law forbidding interference with the brutal and degrading child marriage of India. One hundred millions of women are slaves in India to a degrading superstition, and the birth of a girl means a life of wretchedness. Ten or twelve years of age is the limit for such a child to be free. It is the most cruel of injustices the world ever knew. And yet it is perpetrated under the protection of the English flag.

ADVANCEMENT in methods is a feature of military training as well as of other departments of human activity. The very cruelty of the exigencies of war forces upon its victims the consciousness of defective rules, and opens the way for improvement. Germany, far in advance of other nations as to the discipline of her army, and France, who follows closely after her late conquerors, had both to learn something in their struggle of twenty years ago, and are using their lessons now in the training of their armies.

BISHOP COXE in an address delivered at a commencement of a young ladies' seminary in Buffalo, expressed a hope that none of the graduates would ever be seen astride a bicycle, and said "the girls he had seen on Delaware avenue looked like old women on a broomstick." From the good Bishop's language it is evident that however unquestionable an authority he may be on other matters, he has fallen in this case into a misconception no longer shared by the enlightened laity of the land respecting the exact structure of a ladies' bicycle and the position of its fair occupant.

IT was once supposed that our ancestors were longer-lived than are we of this generation. Such, however, is not the case. We now live longer on the average than they did. There is a larger per cent of old people, both men and women, in this country than ever before, and they live to be relatively older than did our grandparents. Human life is thus prolonged in multiplied instances beyond the old limit of three score and ten, but the old people of our day are more vigorous, active and useful, and in the matter of mere physical enjoyment, enjoy life better than did the old people of the past.

THE experience had with the attempt to check Italian and Slav immigration does not leave us ground for firm faith that the legal barriers will prevent the country from being overrun by Moslem beggars. There is a better cure for this evil in the return to the old law of making professional mendicancy a misdemeanor and providing the mendicants with enforced labor. Every community has the local authority to put such a law in force. If the immigration of a character such as comes here to beg or to subsist on the public charities grows to a large volume, each section could find work for it in making good roads until the immigrants perceived the necessity of finding work for themselves.

THERE is no earthly reason why lawyers and doctors should not advertise. What they have at their disposal—education, talent, physical ability and time—they want to sell. They are in the market with their wares just as much as any dry goods man or grocer is. A good many of them put on considerable airs, as though they are in some way superior to other business men, but they are as sharp after the almighty dollar as any merchant or store-keeper, have as rigid a scale of charges and demand their price as firmly and sue in the courts as readily. In fact, they are men of business like the rest, with precisely the same ambitions and motives. There is therefore no reason why they should not bring themselves and their wares to the attention of the public in the regular businesslike way.

THERE was a time when men and women of fifty-five, sixty and sixty-five years were practically laid on the shelf, forced into retirement and superannuation, for two reasons. First, because in the majority of instances at that age they were in fact superannuated, and second, even when the physical and mental vigor had not failed, public sentiment was so uniformly [illegible] against old people, [illegible] fifty, that they were compelled [illegible] the struggle of [illegible] it to those of a [illegible]. It is not so, at [illegible] now that [illegible] a man of [illegible] other things being [illegible] in his [illegible]

SOME ROSES.

How many gleams of pink in the world!
The light of the dawn and the eve,
The life of a fleeting cloud,
The happy cheek of a girl,
The glow imprisoned in pearl!
And oh, the sweetness and the gladness
Melting, pouring, through the pinkness
Roses' petals hold for love!
Leaf on leaf folding over,
Or breaking bonds and bursting cover,
Rolling backward, lucious, full;
Wrapping closest at the center,
Curving thence in buoyant whirl;
Tilting lightly at the edges,
Where the richness pales away,
Burning somehow through the color,
Transfiguring and making fuller,
Shade of pink and hidden yellow
Lives and glows, a light, a spirit
Essence subtle whence and whither!
Mingling softly with this spirit,
Breathing out from form and texture,
Of the roses' every fold
Wafted upward to the senses,
Come a fragrance and a rapture,
Scent of gardens' trace of heaven,
Sweet to wildness, dear, ecstatic.

—Frances Macdaniels.

PERE SEVERIN.

The gray cherubs that looked down from the vaulted ceiling of St. Chrysostom's were still half veiled with wreaths of incense smoke. The old sacristan, coughing feebly to himself flitted here and there about the great gold altar, putting out the candles that fenced it with their light.

The rustle of crisp skirts and a subdued murmur of voices from the cool shadows of the cathedral corridors announced that some of the worshippers still lingered. A few women were grouped near the vestibule that led to the confessional. As from time to time they turned their eyes toward the gilded grille an odor of white rose and geranium was diffused from their garments and mingled with the odor of incense that still lingered in the air.

The duty of confession to-day had a special interest. They were curious to have an interview with the new priest, of whom so much had been written and said. He was little known in France, this same Pere Severin, but much had been published about his work. He was still a young man; he had served the church but barely three years. In that short time he had labored among the wild tribes of Algeria, had twice narrowly escaped martyrdom at the hands of the Amazons and Dahomey. They spoke at home of a scarlet hat for him.

A flutter among the skirts, a gust of worldly perfume—Pere Severin awaited another penitent. She came forth timidly from the shadows of one of the fluted pillars. The other ladies had not noticed her presence, she was so slight and the corridor was dim. They looked at her frowningly as on an intruder.

She advanced slowly toward the confessional with faltering steps, sobbing softly, her face hidden in a white batiste handkerchief. She was all in black, yet the natural coquetry of a woman of the world was displayed in the arrangement of her curling brown hair and toque of China crepe.

Arrived before the confessional, she hesitated and looked around, as if seeking a way to escape. She raised her tear-dimmed eyes and saw through the gilded bars the shaved head of the priest bent in prayer. A yellow shaft of light fell upon the figure of Christ on the wall above him. She bowed her head and entered.

The priest slowly raised his face, and his soft eyes fell on the penitent kneeling before him. She did not look up; she was too ashamed. Her face was still hidden in her handkerchief—the sobs shook her slender form.

"Speak, my daughter," he said, gently. "Lay the burden of your sins at the feet of God. His mercy and love are eternal. He will dry your tears—speak."

Then, with her face still hidden in her handkerchief, she spoke, so low he had to bend his head to listen.

"I know I cannot hope for mercy now. It is too late. But I will tell you all. And you shall judge. God shall—if years of penitence can atone for such a sin as mine.

"Go on."

She began in a quivering voice, broken with sobs.

"I was the only daughter of a good man, now dead. From a child I have been petted, humored, spoiled. When I grew to be a woman I was silly, vain, extravagant, fond of admiration and dress. My lovers were many; they amused me. Most of them had no hearts to break. They were men of the world who soon forgot their old wounds in the whirl of pleasure. But one—one—"

She covered her eyes with her handkerchief again and wept.

"But one you loved," he added, gently.

"Yes—yes," eagerly. "One I really loved. He was so different, so different, from the rest, his face was pale and sad, like—like a priest's."

Pere Severin drew nearer the grating. He could hear himself breathing.

"He hated the gay world in which I moved," she went on. "He said I was worthy of better things; that I had in me the making of a good woman, but that I was building upon sand; that my heart was hardening against all good things. He wanted to marry me—to take me out of the whirlpool before it was too late. My soul was in danger; he wished to save it."

She paused and hid her face for a moment. The priest's head was on his breast, the cross above his throat quivered with his heavy breathing.

"I saw them all leave my side and go to seek new pleasures in the world. My court deserted—I married him."

"And did you love him?" asked the priest in an undertone.

"Yes—God knows how much—and yet—"

"And yet in a moment of madness, in an hour when the evil angel in me was triumphant—I threw my life's happiness away—I trampled on his heart—I became a miserable woman."

She bowed her head on the cushions. She wept as if her heart would break. Pere Severin raised his face. It was cold and stern. His eyes, unmoved at first, kindled with a pitying glow as they fell on the quivering figure before him. He spoke, and his voice was dry and husky.

"What then—what then?" he murmured. "You married a good man—you betrayed him—how—confess all! My—my daughter, that you may be forgiven."

She grew more composed, as if the burden she had borne so long was easier to bear.

"I will tell you everything. Oh, I was not guilty—not as guilty as you think. After we were married he wished to take me out of the gay, worldly set in which I had moved. I rebelled, but consented at last. For months I lived quietly like a dignified wife.

"But one day the old love of admiration, the old desire to visit again the gay circle in which I had moved, tempted me. I resisted for a time, but the wish was greater than the will. One day I met a friend, a countess, who had known me in the old gay days of coquetry. She found me changed. She thought I had left the city, because no one saw me anymore. She upbraided me for living a life of a recluse. She invited me to go on an excursion down the river the next day—in a pleasure barge.

"All my old friends of the days of folly were to be there. I was eager to go—I was thirsting for the mad life I had once led—I went home with my cheeks burning and my eyes sparkling. I told my husband of the invitation—I told him how much I wanted to see my old friends again. He reminded me of a promise made to him before marriage that I would cut loose from the past, that I would give up the follies, the friends who had tried to ruin my life. He refused me permission. There were some hot words between us—I disobeyed him—I went."

"This is not all." It was the priest who spoke. His voice seemed far away like an echo from the vaulted cathedral. "That is not all," he repeated.

She looked up with a half frightened look in her eyes.

"Oh! I am not wholly to blame—not wholly," she murmured eagerly. "It was his fault—his, the coward!" between her half closed lips.

"Yes, it was his fault!" Was that an echo of her words or had the young priest repeated her speech?

"I meant no dishonor toward my husband, God knows it. He planned—wretch that he was—that I should be too late—for—the—boat. Too late! Then——" Her lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"Go on," commanded the priest, sternly.

"Then—it was the next morning—I returned home—I found the house closed. My husband had gone away; where, no one knew. He had left Paris—I had no money, no friends."

"I have lived honestly ever since. I have tried to do good, to earn forgiveness for my sin, from my husband, from God. I was ashamed before to-day to enter a church to confess: but to-day—"

The priest had risen. His face was in the light. She looked into his calm gray eyes, she saw his worn white cheeks.

"Who are you?" she cried with a sob.

"Pere Severin!"

You are not, you are not! You are my husband—you are Phillippe, whom I loved, whom I lost!" She had pushed aside the grating with her nervous hands, she sunk at his feet, plucked at his robe. "I have confessed to you! Forgive me as you wish to be forgiven."

He stood silent, his face unmoved as the stone chamber above. She had clutched his hand in hers, and a tremor ran through him at the contact. She looked up. A tear he could not restrain rolled slowly down his worn white face!

"Phillippe—husband—forgive!"

He rasied one trembling hand toward the figure of Christ on the wall. A shaft of light from the stained-glass window cast a silver radiance over the Savior's face.

"Man forgives—ask him to pardon your sin."

Without the penitents were murmuring impatiently among themselves—half a hour had elapsed since the strange young woman had entered the confessional. The Marquise de Monceau, by reason of her age and position in the neighborhood, resolved to find out for herself. She pushed open the door of the confessional and peered in.

She saw Pere Severin, the missionary, the martyr, the vicar of Christ, with the strange woman in his arms. He was soothing her grief, he was stroking her hair. And as the Marquise withdrew, her cheeks aflame with righteous indignation, she heard him mumur softly:

"Poor little Isobel—poor wounded little Isobel."—New York Press.

Vandalism.

To the great regret of the friends of the late Dr. Schliemann, many of the interesting relics dug up by the great explorer in Troy have been stolen and despoiled by the miserable inhabitants of Asia Minor. Turks and Arabians in the neighborhood of the excavations use the valuable stones to build their huts. After Schliemann's death a man was employed to guard the ruins. His salary was discontinued recently, however, and the watchman ceased to guard the excavations. The Stamboul, of Constantinople, calls upon all scientific societies of Europe and America "to put an end to the iconoclasm and vandalism of the semi-barbarous inhabitants," and to continue the work of the great Schliemann.

Puritan and Pagan.

It is surprising to find how the old pagan mythology finds a place alongside the expression of christian hope, not only in the reformation times, but even a century later, as witness the following epitaph on the tomb of a boy who died in the year 1633, aged nine years:

Great Jove hath lost his Ganymede, I know,
Which made him seek another here below,
And finding none, not one like unto this,
Hath ta'ne him hence into eternal bliss.
Cease, then, for the dear Menelab to weep—
God's darlinge was too good for thee to keep;
But rather joye in this great favour given,
A child is made a saint in heaven.

Russian Cafes.

In the dinning-rooms of some of the large cafes in Russia there is a pool of fresh water in which fish of various kinds and sizes swim about. Any patron of the restaurant who may wish a course of fish for dinner goes to the pool, picks out the particular one he may desire, and in a moment the waiter has captured it with a dip-net and sent it to the chef.

A new novel is called "A Bachelor's Paradise." A bachelor's paradise! Well that may be a place where buttons grow on shirts.

GERMANY'S NEW CHILD.

HELGOLAND'S MANY CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.

The Strange Little Rocky Islet and Its People—Few Changes in Its Laws—Slowly Being Eaten Up by the Seas.

Helgoland covers an area of 420,000 square yards, and it is difficult to realize in what way it ever was a prize worth gaining. In its geological formation it differs strangely from the neighboring mainland; the whole German seaboard is bare of cliff or rock, being only a succession of long and sandy dunes slowly encroaching upon the sea, while the island is a solid mass of stone which the sea as surely is invading. The range of rocks is picturesque, of a dull red color, broken into by many grottos, fissures, chines, vaults, and arches, through which the breakers rush incessantly with a deafening noise. It can be calculated with mathematical precision how long it will take the sea entirely to swallow up the island, computing by the ravages it has already made, and it is said that in 600 years nothing will remain of the ground ceded to Germany by England. What value it has must be as a post of observation; as to its appearance it is graphically described by its own motto:

Grun ist das Land,
Roth is der Kant,
Weiss ist der Sand,
Das sind die Farben von Helgoland.

Her three colors are also in her flag, and the soil repeats them accurately.

The upper plateau is called the "Falm," and dominates the whole area, the lower portion being only a narrow line of beach. Above stands a church; the new lighthouse, an older one dating from the seventeenth century, interesting only that it has withstood the storms of 250 years; the Governor's villa, not a bad building by any means, and a few mean-looking houses. The portion of the plateau which corresponds to the green stripe in the flag is a large meadow, on which the precious island sheep graze. Helgoland rears but a very limited number of cows, and as goats cannot stand the climate, the milk of the ewes is the ordinary beverage. The "Falm" is linked to the lower part of the village by a flight of steep steps and an elevator. On the beach or seaboard the houses are small, built of wood, adorned with verandas and balconies; the extremely narrow streets boast of shops where photographs, shells and articles of national raiment are sold; there are no inns on the island, but the bills of "Logis," hanging out of the windows of private dwelling houses indicate that board and lodging can be found therein. The whole thing looks like a quaint, new, clean toy. Queen Victoria street is the main thoroughfare, a liliputian street in a liliputian town; yet it leads to a theatre, actually a bona fide playhouse, open during the summer, where very fair performances are given under the superintendence of an intelligent manager. For, notwithstanding disadvantages, Helgoland is a favorite sea-bathing place. The visitors do not bathe on the island itself, but have to cross a strip of sea to a sand dune some ten minutes off, opposite the village, but inaccessible to open boats in rough weather.

This dune widens and broadens in proportion as the block of rock diminishes, and the air there is so admirably pure and invigorating that it is considered a perfect cure for diseased lungs and anæmia. The islanders are in the possession of excellent health; they make a good living out of the strangers during the short summer months, after which they return to their legitimate trade of fishing, their chief hauls being lobsters and herrings.

The Helgolanders were not consulted when they were handed over to their new proprietors, and probably, if quite aware of the change, are not much concerned by it; some of them thought that England neglected them too much; others fancy that the Germans will prove too officious and hamper them with police and military regulations; but on the whole they are indifferent. As long as Helgoland remained British, no foreigner being able to acquire land on the island, there could be no prospect of a hotel being built likely to interfere with the trade of the lodging-house keeper; not one of them was rich enough to make the venture; therefore the profits accruing from visitors were divided impartially between all. Now it is probable that some German speculator may be tempted to purchase ground and open a modern hotel; little steamers will be made to ply between the village and the sand dune and defraud the boatmen of their customers, and these innovations are dreaded. On the other hand, increased comforts and facilities will make the island even more popular, so that on the whole the natives will not have much to complain of.

Gain, it must be confessed, is their chief pre-occupation; they have scanty political and civil faith; originating from Friesland, they have changed hands too often to be patriotic; in turn belonging to the Normans, to the Hanse, to the Duke of Gottorp, and to Denmark, they became English in 1806, and their island was used to send British produce on the continent during the time of the blockade.

It has been said that the little community paid no taxes, but this is incorrect; under the British rule the inhabitants were taxed according to the size of their dwellings and the possibility of receiving more or less visitors. Under the new rule every Helgolander born at the time of the transfer is *ipso facto* exempted from military service, and with so long an immunity before them they can afford to look upon future contingencies with equanimity. Formerly Helgoland was a sort of Gretna Green and many irregular matches were contracted on its shores; even at present the laws are by no means vexatious; and as a rule the people live in happy ignorance of them; they know vaguely that they possess a code of thirteen articles, but the magistrates are good natured men who deliver justice according to "equity" and do not bother about legal quibbles. In the sessions recently held on the island not a single case was brought before the tribunal. Evidently the Normans, the most litigious people on earth, have not left their stamp on the race.—N. Y. Sun.

BATHING IN COLD WEATHER.

Plunge Into Ice Water and Emerge, If Possible, with a Smile.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial recalls an experience of bathing with several comrades in the central part of the state some twenty years ago. It was more than "frequently" that we indulged in an open air winter bath. It was a daily institution, from autumn till the following springtime, a zero temperature not daunting. The bathing place was kept open by cutting and removing the ice as often as necessary. The daily bath was abandoned after the ice disappeared, because the zest and glow of the reaction were missed. The bath, as may be imagined, was a bold plunge, a second's disappearance, and then a hasty retreat to shelter for the vigorous application of a crash towel. It may be superfluous to say that there was no dawdling between the towel application and the donning of the warm suit that had been thrown off a moment before. It was sought, I remember, to extract as much fun and good humor as possible from the exercise, by introducing often some little competitive scheme. For instance, the one who could emerge from the icy plunge with the broadest and blandest smile wreathing his features was rewarded with vociferous bravos from the group of onlookers. Suffice it to say that the "smiles" were often quite forced and artificial, but were not the less provocative of merriment in the spectators. The bathers laughed at pneumonia and all kindred ailments that flesh is heir to. If any caution were needed it might be added that tonics of the above kind are for those only who enjoy robust health.

My Girl.

A little corner, with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth, so pearly white,
A little rubber ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound,
A little creeping—see! she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day
A little schoolma'am to obey,
A little study—soon 'tis past—
A little graduate at last.

A little muff for winter weather,
A little jockey-hat and feather,
A little sack with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring and lockets.

A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on a lawn,
A little kiss—my girl was gone!

—St. Nicholas.

WISE AND WITTY.

An Atchison girl, 7 years old, cried a whole day over the death of Barnum. She thought his death would be the end of the circuses.

Her Way of Putting It.—Miss Blecker (of New York)—"There are no flies on Mr. Spatts." Miss Emerson (of Boston)—"No; I too have failed to detect any specimens of the musca domestica upon him."—Judge.

"Well, Jack, was it yes or no with her?" "It was both." "Both! How's that?" "Well, I asked her if she was going to give me my answer and she said yes: Then I asked her what was the answer and she said no."—New York Press.

"Excuse me sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar." "Yes, madame, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner." "Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face."—Brooklyn Life.

In the Free Hotel 'Bus —Uncle Silas—"Maria, that driver is the prettiest chap I ever met on a stage." Maria—"Why, Silas!" Uncle Silas—"Why, he actually said 'thankee kindly, sir,' when I paid him ten cents for our fares."—New York Herald.

The agent for a patent hair restorer received this testimonial: "Dear Sir: A few days ago I accidentally spilled some of your 'hair hatcher' on the corn husk bed at my boarding house and when I returned home I found a hair mattress."—Philadelphia Record.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A spirograph for drawing spirals and volutes in a simple manner as one draws circles has been devised in Paris.

The Manila hemp plant which is very similar to the banana, is found to thrive best in soil composed of decayed vegetable matter.

A recent survey has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,155, of which 249 have a length of more than four and three-quarter miles.

Strychnine has been found to increase the amount of gastric juice secreted in the stomach, the general acidity and the quantity of free acid in the secretion.

Both for scientific and for industrial purposes a standard of color has long been desired, and in order to attempt a solution of the question the society of arts is investigating the subject through a committee.

Sir William Siemen's method of applying electric light to grow flowers and fruit by night or on cloudy days has been employed with good success on board a West Indian steamer to keep alive exotic vines and other plants.

Hitherto all the fuel used on the Italian railways has been imported, but an attempt is now being made to use the lignite of which the country possesses large beds. Very satisfactory results have so far attended the experiments.

The method of purifying water invented by Dr. William Anderson, and now employed at Antwerp with success, consists in passing the water through a slowly revolving cylinder containing metallic iron in the form of scraps or filings. The estimated cost of purifying a million gallons in this way is about $1.50.

The base of celluloid is common paper; by action of sulphuric and nitric acid it is changed to gun cotton, then dried, ground and mixed with from 20 to 40 per cent of camphor, after which it is ground fine, colored with powder colors, cast in sheets, pressed very hard and at last baked between sets of superheated rollers.

Prejudice against mussels as being unfit for food may be dispelled by the experiments made by Virchow. The only dangerous mussels are those taken from impure water, but they lose their poison if kept for a time in pure water, and they can also be rendered safe by being cooked in carbonate of soda for ten minutes.

The use of nitrogen as an anæsthetic was recently successfully tried in England. Nine patients took the gas, and in every case the result was the production of complete anæsthesia. The pulse was first full and throbbing, then feeble. In the advanced stage the respiration was deep and rapid and there was lividity of the surface, the pupils were dilated, and there was more or less jactitation of the limbs.

A Martyr to Style.

I despise this way of wearing
Gowns that trail into the dust,
But the other women do it,
And so I suppose I must.

It is neither neat nor nobby
To be whipping up the street,
And the only ones that like it
Are the women with big feet.

If I only had the courage
To endure the scornful smiles
Of my fellow female creatures
I would cling to olden styles.

I would always have my dresses
Short enough to miss the dirt
And I wouldn't wear mud ruffles
On the bottom of the skirt.

But I am too great a coward
A decided stand to take,
So with all the rest I follow
In a foolish fashion's wake.

And my newest gowns I'm making
With a hateful, horrid dip,
Over which some luckless mortal
Will some day be sure to trip.

But I hold I am a martyr
Almost worthy of a crown,
For my meek and mild adoption
Of the new prevailing gown.

Regarding Late Hours.

"Whatever other lessons I may teach my sons," said a sensible woman, "there is one bit of instruction that will not be forgotten, and that is to go home at reasonable hours. There are more scandals, more annoyances and more damaged reputations caused by late callers than by any other one social mistake in the world. A gentleman calls upon a lady. He enjoys her society and presumably she enjoys his, or she would not invite him. When the hour grows late he does not incline to go, and the lady scarcely feels like hinting that his absence is desirable, and so he stays. Possibly he hints that it is time he was going, when she, for courtesy's sake, says: "Oh, it's not very late yet;" and, although she most ardently wishes that he would leave, he settles himself for another hour's chat, and remains until there is no possible excuse for longer delay. Nine times out of ten the lady suffers some annoyance in consequence of such a protracted call, and the gentleman also suffers in the esteem of right minded persons.

One of the most philosophical of modern society men recently said: "If men knew enough to go home at proper hours there would not be one scandal where now they are ten. And they can say what they please, it is not the fault of the woman. No woman likes to send a man home, but if he hasn't sense enough to go of his own accord she should do it and save herself endless annoyance and possibly open disgrace.

"Young women who live with their parents are less likely to be annoyed in this way than those who are dependent on themselves and lead more independent lives. The fact of existing natural guardianship is in itself a protection, for a big brother or father is sometimes an uncomfortable adversary.

"But it is the friendless girl who is the victim of such indiscretion. Men call themselves the stronger sex, and should, therefore be the guardian of all women, especially those who are young, weak or defenseless. The man who takes advantage of a woman because he can is a coward and not worthy of the name of man.

"My sons have from their earliest childhood been taught that all women and girls are to be respected, and that they as boys and men should act toward them in such a way that no one can be scandalized by their conduct."

A Very Modest Girl.

Speaking of legs and arms suggests to me one of the most inexcusable pieces of prudery possible to conceive, which is the avoidance of the good, honest and clean old Anglo-Saxon word leg to describe that member of the body. I take a malicious satisfaction in using it when I am in the presence of ultra-nice people, who tell about some one having broken his "limb," leaving less sensitive persons to guess as to whether it was an arm or a leg that had met with the mishap. When I was a good deal younger than I am now I was making a stay at a country house and trying to catch any simple-minded fish there might be in the neighborhood. The farmer with whom I boarded had a daughter who taught school, and was certainly the most painfully proper young person it was ever my misfortune to meet. One evening we were playing cards, when she suddenly looked up from her hand and said:

"I beg your pardon."

"For what?" I asked.

"Didn't I touch your foot?"

"No."

"O, it must have been the limb of the table."

She Did It Well.

There is nothing like self possession in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a handsome board in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around, some salad had just been served to her, and without giving the matter any thought she assumed the liquid to be a sauce pipuante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts. In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the contents of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been. The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her, and she accepted a second serving. Then, with a little air of not having everything quite to her liking, she looked up and down the table and signaled the waitress: "The lime juice, please," she said, nonchalantly, and as if salad without lime juice were an uneatable dish. This bit of adroitness at once set her in a niche among the company as an epicure of occult and unquestioned knowledge.

Helps Her Husband.

Mrs. Edwin H. Low, wife of the well-known steamship agent, is described as one of the thriftiest, pleasantest, all-round business women in New York. She is actively engaged with her husband in the conduct of his affairs, and once or twice a year crosses the Atlantic to look after the London agencies; and she has entire charge of the New York office when Mr. Low is absent on business tours. She is, withal, the embodiment of courtesy and feminine refinement, and in spite of her multifarious duties she finds time to keep house, entertain hosts of friends and now and then appear in society. She is a sister of Blanche Roosevelt the novelist.

Built a Cottage Herself.

A plucky and independent girl is Miss Elizabeth More, of Edgeworth, Pa. With her own hands she recently built a neat little cottage, laying the foundations, plastering the walls of the different rooms, and performing all the carpenter work to a builder's taste. To do this she found it necessary to don male attire, and a young girl friend helped her over the hardest part of the work. Miss More is said to be as pretty as she is energetic. She was once a protege of Jane Gray Swisshelm, and the lessons that stern champion of woman's rights taught her have apparently not been forgotten.

Women Horseback Riders.

Besides the roundness of limb and redundancy of health that women acquire from vigorous horseback riding, they gain a faculty for keeping their balance while on their feet in conveyances. It is a most desirable acquisition for the city woman, whom we are accustomed to see tipping or staggering about in the street cars when forced to stand. Sharp-eyed men who ride horseback know at a glance when a woman standing in a street car is a horse-woman. They know it by the ease and sureness with which she adjusts herself to the motions of the vehicle, and at the same time preserves her feminine dignity.

Increase in Women Workers.

It is remarkable that nearly 30 per cent of the total female population is employed in remunerative occupations. In the last decade the percentage was only 21.33 of the whole. Out of the eleven classes of occupation women have increased comparatively in nine, viz., government service, professional and domestic service, trade, agriculture, fisheries, manufactures and as apprentices, while they have decreased comparatively as laborers and in personal service. In 1880 there were nineteen branches of industry in which women were not employed; in 1885 the number was reduced to seven.

To Girls About Eating.

A physician in writing about the health of girls, tells them to eat good, but plain, wholesome, nutritious food, and above all to eat a hearty breakfast. Too many young women have grown up to regard it as vulgar to indulge the appetite at the morning meal, and have been allowed to cultivate the habit of "mincing" and "sipping" at a few dainty dishes, or have been permitted to go without breakfast altogether. He thinks nothing in moderate life is more pernicious to the health than this dawdling over the much-needed though often uneaten breakfast.

The Ideal Husband.

Miss Lillian B. Perry, of Covington, Tenn., has won a prize for the best description of the kind of a man to marry, and this is the way she paints her ideal: "If I wish to marry (which, of course, I do not), I would desire a man too noble to commit a mean act, but generous enough to forgive one. A man as gentle as a woman, as manly as a man; one who does not talk scandal nor tell disagreeable truths. A man whose name I would be proud to bear, to whom I carry my doubts and perplexities, and with whom I would find sympathy and joy."

Rose Coghlan on Beauty.

This is Rose Coghlan's answer to a question as to how she preserves her beauty: "Not by wearing a steel corset, I assure you, although some paper did declare I fastened myself up in a cage. Fancy how one would feel! But my weight never varies. I keep my flesh off by letting my brain work. There is nothing like an active brain for reducing flesh. Then, too, I never drink while I am eating. I believe that drinking with your meals makes you grow chunky. I think American women drink too much soda and apollinaris."

Canada's Peeress.

Lady Macdonald, the widow of the Canadian premier, will hereafter be known as the Countess Earnscliffe, her title having its source in her late husband's handsome county seat. The countess is one of the cleverest as well as one of the most popular women in Canada. She is thoroughly posted in the politics of the dominion, and it has been due as much to her tact, wit, and accomplishments as to her position that she has been the leader of society in the Canadian capital.

Graceful Benevolence of Royalty.

The Queen regent of the Netherlands and her daughter declined the offer of a public reception during their recent visit to Amsterdam. They requested the city officials to use the money collected for the reception in feeding the poor. Consequently more than 30,000 poverty stricken creatures received presents of food and money and 35,000 school children were provided with a breakfast. Each child received also a photograph of the young Queen.

A Brave Woman.

An Ohio woman picked up an armful of sticks and carried them in to throw on the fire. One of the sticks twined itself around her waist. Did she shriek and alarm the neighbors? Not a bit of it. She put the snake in a bottle, corked it up, and when she went to town sold it to the local druggist for $2 as a curiosity. A woman as enterprising as that don't get scared easily.